



DEVOTED TO THE DISSEMINATION OF LIGHT ON SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE

"THREE ARMED IS HE WHO HATH HIS GUARREL JUST."

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## THE UNFOLDINGS OF THE AGE.

WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.

There are higher truths than those embraced in the teachings of the day; else one scene would not meet the eye of recording messengers. Low and dark is the home of those whose chief and only merit was a strict belief in the now fading observances and forms of creed-loving minds. Take from these disembodied devotees the weight of their earthly attachments, and the hosts of Heaven would swell in sudden glory. But behold the spirit that leaps with a full knowledge of the progressive laws of truth and justice, into the spiritual body! No dungeon mists encircle this form, to stay its course toward freedom. It knows its reward—feels its end. It sees the fountain whence comes the glorious light, and is cheered and made happy by the shout of triumph, as it ascends above the discordant elements of an obstructed nature. And yet another picture is mirrored in the group: The angels of truth glide along in their labor to comfort and bless and relieve. They see the effect of a certain mission, in the lowly dwellings of their own world. Start not, reader, at this fact; for there are such houses here, and laws which place you therein; but by your own free will alone, are you confined. Your own congenial feelings and desires make the law—and with your own complete redemption and freedom from the fawning appetites and habits of a depraved nature, vanish these cells of gloom and ignorance.

But how are you to relieve yourself of these hindrances? By kissing the cold feet of stony images? Forbear brother! Let your reason and an intuitive sense of true nobility, animate and exalt you to higher forms. No—not by this can you be free! By moistening with your heart's best tears the cross of Christ? No! He was one who died for truth—one whose simple teachings added terror to the souls of kings and rulers—one whose love was an inheritance of the world—one whose very essence flowed in harmonious union with the higher melodies of nature—one indeed on whose pure breath God himself seemed to hang in all his beauty and splendor, power and wisdom—one whom the higher influences could penetrate and move, and in the depths of whose soul angels could repose in the sweetness of their own glory and confidence and freedom—and through whom their own inspirations and influences went to the world, in all the authority and weight of a controlling visible power—could your tears, spirits repeat, that fall on the broken fragments of the cross, wash from the tablets of your memory the stains of a careless, unwise existence? Poisoned thought! No!—no!—Revive not the cross story, unless to inspire your children, by the endurance and fate truth and purity, and a genuine communion with an intelligence far above rancor and vanity and cowardice, and superstition of earthly doctrines. And let spirits in this (to them) proper connection speak briefly concerning the true mission of him called Christ. It may be stated that more is known of this good man than the world is prepared to believe. Spirits, however, are free to declare that his true desires are not satisfied by those who speak in his name. Indeed, he sorrows over the inconsistency, that while his all-seeing gaze is taught to be ever resting on Mankind, and searching the innermost heart—so much hypocrisy and selfishness and ambition, and prejudice and ill feeling, sicken

the field of their devoted labors. The development of Jesus for the influences which he exercised, to the bewilderment of a dark age, was simply an outburst of the wisdom and love and power of that immortal Nature, which, throughout long and weary nights of depravity and sloth and ignorance, is just now being felt and acknowledged by the teeming intellects of her bounty. Jesus was such as none could then comprehend. But it must not be supposed that the principles and laws by which he was governed were annulled with his death, or that the God of Nature expired with him on Calvary.

Let the words here spoken sink deep into the heart, for the truth is in them. They come from one whose peace and present delight is found in a home made glad by the atmosphere flowing from the presence of Christ. Understand rightly the history of this man; and while you cannot but rejoice at the liberty you feel, the revelations now made will seem but as the working of that law which brought Jesus from the manger to the treasures of Heaven.

The mission of Christ! Have a mission, other than the dictates of higher corresponding influences and powers. With him angels delighted to commune. So harmonized and controlled had he become, in the finer attributes of his being, by a constant attendance on the Divine impulses and holy inspirations, that when the lacerated body yielded to the hands of his tormentors, the angel, unobstructed by any of the feelings that hang about and detain the less cultivated mortal, passed quietly up to his home of bliss.

But with all this—against all the records of olden times—Jesus was but man. Call him by any other name, and you do injustice to the creative power above; seek him, save as one whose precepts you love, and he will not be found. Call him as a brother, drawn by the same ties, to a common parent, and you will be heard.

The existence of Christ, so grossly misunderstood and falsely connected by the dictating minds of Earth—was in sweet accordance with the wisdom and affinities of those in whom he confided, and by whom he, in his extremest anguish, was comforted. He is the Son of God; but when you declare that our Father, gave this his child, in whom were centered everything lovely and good and wise, as a willing sacrifice—as the only means of redeeming the unruly flock, the progressed intellect revolts—the purest feelings of Christ himself flow down in pity—Nature herself weeps through the generous showers that fall to nourish your barren homes.

No, brethren! The sufferings of Christ will not—nor were they intended to save you. They were endured by the edict of a power, against which his quiet progress warred; and gratified the erring masses that crowded in contempt about his garments.

It through Christ's mission, to redeem the world from a ruinous end, it seems reasonable that he would have pursued a more fitting and natural course than the one alleged.

But spirits find no pleasure in dwelling on the theme. They speak not for useless pastime to humanity. Their truths fall from minds of reality—not of fancy. They care not for the opinion of the prejudiced multitude; nor do they stop to recruit on the fulsome praise of the neighbor-fearing few. They know the world is arrogantly opposed to the coming of spirits with the concerns of social forms. But they will be heard! They have motives which the wealth of kingdoms could not excite. And

when they allude to Christ and the misapprehension beneath which mortals have groped, as regards his mission on earth, they speak freely and with a full knowledge of the truth. They therefore add, that through him was seen but a single perfected outburst of a Nature of which former ages had never been fully advised. There was that in his career which, though recognized, was not understood by the amazed followers—that the purity and love and wisdom of Heaven could be realized and enjoyed on earth, provided, as with Christ, your earthly bond being would harmonize and attune its conceptions with the influences that pressed from above. But, oh! relieve God of the act of which tradition accuses times. Charge him not with the premeditated deliverance of one, who through many years of secluded communion with the residents of a Spiritual World, had so ennobled and perfected himself, that angels found joy in surrounding and assisting him in the labors for the good of his race.

Oh Man! when wilt thou listen to Reason and Truth, and obey the impulses of the soul, but whose unfathomable resources has never been comprehended within the shallow limits of past researches. When wilt thou bury the self-condemned testimony of those whose habits and customs you disdain, and at some of whose teachings the nobler feelings of this progressed age must shudder. This is the point for Spirits. They love to tell—they indeed gain much by reviving that which, though smothered, still belongs to the pages from which Error reads. And if they speak of the ignorance and depravity of some of the olden oracles, it is for the purpose of presenting the men and their works, in company, to the reasoning and reflecting mind of this day; which, though Heaven and its angels are being manifested in as many forms as the dispositions and tastes of Mankind are various, still remains in self-clad misery, amid the falling thrones and decaying temples.

Man talks of Christ; and while he sheds the tear of sorrow over his crucifixion, he inwardly rejoices that he met the fate—falsely arguing that the severity of that sacrifice lessened the guilt of after-generations. Oh! if the soul that reads be one of God's, let it ponder on these statements. If, as seems true, reflection has slept in the dormant germ of your being, let it awake now. The Justice and Love and Purity and Wisdom of Him who provides for the sparrow as well as the expanding man, depend on your decision.

Of Christ, a few final thoughts may here be impressed. Forget not that the principles by which Nature's Universe is governed are as fixed and eternal as they are sublime. Remembering this, it must be clear that the same laws by which Christ progressed, still exist, in a more comprehensive manner.

Idols the dream that Jesus was God and God Jesus. He while on earth, was the developed representative of Man—the complete and happy result of the creating essence of Nature. This is truth—let it strike where it will. The history of Jesus should encourage you who have been preserved through the ages of martyrdom for opinion sake. His intercourse with spirits, even in those dreaded moments, was sweet; to you, in these pleasing days, the communion should be doubly precious; and when you look with spirits beyond the unsatisfactory records of this pure man, and follow him in his path to angels,

you will see him thus: Retired through unseemly contortions, jerks, and tumblings, are among the familiar examples of wide-spread contagious delusions, which often exhibited the apparent effects of unaccountable if not supernatural power. But the supposition that all the alleged "mediums" are conscious, intentional swindlers, is utterly irreconcilable with facts, and at war with human nature. Many of these "rappers," or "tippers," or "writers," or "speakers," (for the modes of "manifestation" are various,) are little children, even down to five years of age; others are grave, stern, honored men, whose integrity is absolutely beyond suspicion; others, again, are beloved and sensitive women, who dread and recoil from any intercourse, while in the body, with the invisible world, and would not be known as "mediums" for a kingdom. In many families the secret that "manifestations" have occurred there is guarded with religious care, and any allusion to the subject in the presence of non-members thereof repressed, as if it were the acme of shame and sin. Yet the contagion spreads, and every month adds to the number of the witnesses and "mediums."

We know it is urged that human nature is fearfully depraved and deceitful, and that we cannot know the motive—whether love of notoriety, hope of gain, the personal who has heard of the "rappings," and the usual modes of "Manifestations," to take courage by the success of others and undertake to produce something of the kind herself. Let us cite, then, one or two samples of the "Manifestations" as they are attested to have occurred, and see whether this theory will account for them.

A few days ago, a Mr. Humes, residing in one of the interior towns of Connecticut, happened to be in Bridgeport, and there called on his friend Dr. Jaques, to whom he casually broached the subject of "spiritual manifestations," avowing his total incredulity with regard to them. Dr. J. replied that, if evidence would convince him, he thought his skepticism might be overcome; and they soon agreed to visit in company a Miss Middlebrook (some twelve or thirteen years old,) who is a reputed "medium." On their way, Mr. H. concocted four or five questions which he resolved to ask the invisibles in presence of Miss Middlebrook, saying to Dr. J., that if these questions were answered correctly he would be no longer incredulous. He asked his questions accordingly, and they were all answered to his satisfaction; but now he thought of a few more that he would like to put, which he did with equal success. At length he asked, "Who are you that answer me?" Answer—"I am your uncle William." "No, you are not," said Mr. H., "for I never had any uncle William." "Yes, you did," persisted the invisible, "but you never saw and probably never heard of me. I left Connecticut when very young for the interior of New York, and died there a great many years ago." Mr. Humes persisted that he never had any such uncle, and the interview rather abruptly closed.

[To be continued.]

### Horace Greeley and Spiritualism.

An independent thinker is GREELEY of the New York Tribune! Though we do not agree with him in his conclusions upon some of the subjects of the day; yet there is a freedom of thought—a seemingly single-eyed purpose for justice and right—about his writings, which we admire. Truth, no matter where it comes, or however strange and startling it may fall among the masses, always enters GREELEY'S treasure as something precious and worth preserving. Thus, while the prejudiced and skeptical minds were slumbering in passive delusion he has followed the tracks of spirits, and filled himself with a knowledge of the New Dispensation.

His article on the subject, of which the following is but an extract, was contributed to the first number of Putnam's new American Magazine.

In the testimony adduced, to give spiritual agency in the manifestations, GREELEY, we think, has safely entrenched himself against all disturbance by saying:

That there are jugglers, or low right cheats, among those who profess to be "mediums" of this novel illumination is very probably—nay, is morally certain, a priori, and confirmed by indubitable testimony. The world is too familiar with counterfeit clairvoyants shamming mesmerizers, hypocritical religionists, &c., to believe that, if there were real recipients or channels of influ-

ence, that there would be any such commission and could do no such mighty works as they contemplated. Salem witchcraft, religious frenzy, even

the boisterous world, his peculiar delusions, and tumblings, are among the familiar examples of wide-spread contagious delusions, which often exhibited the apparent effects of unaccountable if not supernatural power. But the supposition that all the alleged "mediums" are conscious, intentional swindlers, is utterly irreconcilable with facts, and at war with human nature. Many of these "rappers," or "tippers," or "writers," or "speakers," (for the modes of "manifestation" are various,) are little children, even down to five years of age; others are grave, stern, honored men, whose integrity is absolutely beyond suspicion; others, again, are beloved and sensitive women, who dread and recoil from any intercourse, while in the body, with the invisible world, and would not be known as "mediums" for a kingdom. In many families the secret that "manifestations" have occurred there is guarded with religious care, and any allusion to the subject in the presence of non-members thereof repressed, as if it were the acme of shame and sin. Yet the contagion spreads, and every month adds to the number of the witnesses and "mediums."

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Several days thereafter, Dr. Jaques, in the course of an inland ride, came across the father of Mr. Humes, a venerable patriarch of eighty whom he abruptly accosted thus: "Mr. Humes, had you ever a brother William?" "No, sir," was the ready reply. The doctor turned away rather crest-fallen and was riding off, when the old man recalled him with—"Stop, doctor! I was mistaken. I had a brother William, but he went out West and died several years before I was born, and I haven't thought of him for many years till now. I don't think there is another person alive who knows that I ever had such a brother. What could have put him into your head?" We have this narrative at second-hand, but on testimony whose accuracy and truth we cannot doubt.

Of like bearing with the above is the testimony of Apollon Munn, (now deceased,) that, on the occasion of his first visit to a "medium," in a city over three hundred miles from his residence, and where he was quite sure no one knew him, he asked a number of questions which were answered with what seemed to be supernatural perspicacity, until he finally asked, "Who are you that answer me?" "I am your sister Lois," "I never had such a sister—my sister's name was Lou-

isa," "No, my name was Lois." He left the matter thus at a dead lock, and on returning home, said—"Mother! can I be mistaken as to the name of my deceased sister? Though I never saw her, I suppose I could not be mistaken as to her name?" "It was Lois," quietly responded the mother.

I do not see how such relations as these, assuming that they are not utter fabrications, are to be accounted for on the theory of juggles, or even on that of contagious self-delusion. If we attribute the whole business to Satan, we get rid of this difficulty, but only to rush inevitably on others, perhaps not a whit less formidable. Among these is the intrinsic improbability that the old reprobate should give utterance to such counsel as is very often proffered through "mediums," and which assuming that Satan is their author, would seem entirely to contradict Lord Byron's observation with reference to his own "Cain," that "if you permit the devil to speak for himself, you must expect him to talk like a parson." For instance in the backwoods of western Pennsylvania dwells a rude but good hearted pioneer of our acquaintance named Martin King, whose little daughter of twelve or thirteen years became a "medium" about a year ago. Martin is in the main a good creature, but his education is very defective, which is the only excuse we can

make for his being a barrel of whiskey who can talk, to deal out at a shilling per quart medium of his daughter promptly demanded that the "spirits" (and water) confined in the whiskey-barrel should be cast out, and no more be harbored on the premises. It would take direct and abundant evidence to convince us that it was Belzebub in this instance who directed the casting out of the alcoholic demon.

But having no settled belief of our own with regard to the origin and nature of this modern "spiritualism," we are very far from wishing to impose one on others. We might cite many well authenticated facts and incidents which tend quite strongly as those we have just cited, to prove these "manifestations" the work of some super-human power; we could cite many others which point to an opposite conclusion. Should the subject prove of general interest, we may quote and contrast some of these apparently contradictory phenomena hereafter. Meantime, the lesson we would insist on is this—Let us not fear to open our eyes lest we see something contrary to our preconceptions of Nature and Providence; for if these preconceptions are at war with facts, it is high time they were revised and corrected. Bacon very justly observed that "a little learning inclines us to Atheism, but more learning carries us back to a belief and trust in God;" we have no doubt that, whenever we shall clearly and fully understand whatever of truth is involved in these "knocking," &c., we shall realize its perfect accord with nature and reason, and with the beneficence, omniscience, and paternal guardianship of the God and Father of us all.

P. S.—Since the foregoing was in type, the writer has received the following letter from Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman, of Providence, R. I., in reply to one of inquiry from him, as to her own experience in "Spiritualism," and especially with regard to a remarkable "experience" currently reported as having occurred to Hon. James F. Simmons, late U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, and widely known as one of the keenest and clearest observers, most unlikely to be the dupes of mystery or the slave of hallucination. Mrs. Whitman's social and intellectual eminence are not so widely known, but there are very many who know that her statement needs no confirmation whatever. Her reply was so long delayed, owing to illness, that only a part of it can here be given; but the most material portion is as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note, until to-day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing performed under his very eyes in broad daylight, by an invisible agent. In the fall of 1850 several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come

from her step-son, James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California!

"The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity, and lead to an attentive observation of the phenomena. Mrs. S. having heard that messages in the hand writing of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds,) that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed on, and although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

"Mr. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day accompanied by her husband, made the usual inquiry, and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before, and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. S. however, another investigation was made, and on the paper was now found a few pencilled lines, resembling the hand-writing of the deceased, but not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband. He thought there was a slight resemblance, but should probably not have remarked it had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the signature been given him he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications, received through the sounds, affirmed him to be, that he should then and there, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

"Mrs. S. took the paper, and dropped his pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. Her hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty she could retain her hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took them in his own hand, and again dropped his pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. It then began slowly to move. Mr. S. now saw the letters traced beneath his eye—the words J. D. Simmons, were distinctly and deliberately written, and the hand-writing was a fac simile of his son's signature. But what Mr. S. regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle, is yet to be told.

"Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right; he thought it was going to slip through the rings, but to his infinite astonishment, he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons' till it rested over the letter 's', where, and deliberately imprinted a dot. This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him; he had not noticed the omission, and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment, and hitherto it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but now will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will, or to the blind action of electricity—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact? The only peculiarity observable in the writing was, that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted and then set down again.

Another circumstance I am permitted to relate, which is not readily to be accounted for on any other theory than that of spiritual agency. Mr. S. who had received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied.

"Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were after an interval of four months confirmed as literally true by a gentleman, then recently returned from California, who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to San Francisco, he carried on Mr. Simmons, to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains.

"I took down the particulars in writing by the permission of Mr. S.; during his relation of the facts, I have many other narratives of a like character, from persons of intelligence and veracity; but they could add nothing to the weight of that which I have just reported to you."

THE GOLDEN AGE.—Suppose there has been a Golden Age in the Past. What is that to us, compared with the Golden Age to come? The Paradise Lost was not equal to Paradise Regained. The Tree of Life has yet in store yet, that were never yet plucked nor tasted.

New Era.











# LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

## POETRY.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY  
AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea,  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
And sought its early vows;  
And Age was pleased, in hours of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs;  
The drowsy loved its dangling twigs;  
It stood a glory in its place—  
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
Among the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
And weary men might turn.  
He walked it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well,  
By summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'Twas old and yet 'twas new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame.  
The thought was small—its issue great;  
A watch-fire on the hill,  
It shed its radiance far adown,  
And cheered the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall the word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of Love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

Spirit Messenger.

## JOY AND SORROW.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

In every heart is found a pain, where only  
Sorrow repeats her litany of woe;  
In every home a chamber veiled and lonely,  
The shrine of sorrow; there the dead have  
lain.  
The sigh of sorrow to the winds hath given  
Their willow lament; a broken heart beats  
there.  
She moveth with the eclipse, o'er earth and  
heaven it seen—  
In form unseen, in presence everywhere.  
Her spectral breath despoileth life of gladness,  
Day of its glory, night of its repose;  
While Earth, pale mother, veils her brow in  
sadness,  
And fades and falls with joy's expiring rose.  
So sang a poet, in his lonely chamber,  
While midnight filled his life, his thought, his  
room.  
When lo, a Presence shone through clouds of  
amber,  
Calm, in eternal love-light, on the gloom;  
Shining and singing, while the night was drifted  
On fragrance of her happy breath away;  
And o'er the poet's eye, in wonder lifted,  
Shone paradise, in morning's golden ray.  
Her soul flowed o'er her lips in holy sweetness;  
Her loving thought in living music rang,  
And thus, the prophecy of life's completeness,  
In sorrows end, the radiant spirit sang.

Lo, Heaven to Earth in harmony descended,  
And joy shall fill the universe again;  
Life into heavenly deathlessness ascended,  
And seraphs bend to crown immortal men.

The pains, the tears, the wrongs, the desola-  
tions,  
Fade in the evening twilight of the past,  
And all the beautiful and sacred nations  
Dwell in the Holy Land of Love at last.  
Bind to thy heart the heavenly evangel,  
Fear not, though heart and flesh may seem to  
fail.  
Rise to embrace and win the midnight angel,  
Like Jacob, thou shalt wrestle and prevail,  
—[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.]

## TIME AND LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

There is a dark and mighty sea  
Which restless rolls its tide,  
And countless rivers silently  
Into its bosom glide;  
That sea is Time! upon its shore,  
All gloomy with the past,  
What wrecks of ages, evermore,  
Life's river-streams shall cast.

There shivered in the sand, are strown,  
The proudest works of Art;  
There, pyramid and sphinx, o'erthrown,  
Of dust and mold are part;  
There, beggars sleep embraced by kings,  
And there, all silently,  
Beneath the wings of fate,  
Nations and races lie.

O dark and mighty is that sea—  
The restless sea of Time—  
Its waves, upon Life's river-streams  
With solemn music chime;  
And phantom men and nations tread  
Its grim and gloomy shore,  
The living to the land of death  
To welcome evermore.

## Philosophy of Freedom.

BY MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH CIRCLE.

Spirits have looked on the homes of  
men, and they have seen that there exists  
an unrighteous opposition to the reign of  
Liberty, in the hearts of the tyrant and  
aristocrat. They have seen that mankind  
have been degraded by a servile depend-  
ence on the authority of the human voice  
and arm—that they have bowed with  
reverence at the throne of kings, and  
trembled with fear beneath the lash of  
the usurper. They have seen that there  
has been a bondage of soul among the in-  
numerable of the earth, which is exceed-  
ingly painful to witness, and which it has  
been deeply degrading to endure. Spirits  
have made their vision searching and  
powerful, that they might discover the  
cause of this mournful slavery, and the  
means by which Liberty may become es-  
tablished in the earth. They will speak  
what they have seen.

Wisdom has uttered her voice in the  
Second Sphere of human existence; and  
that voice has said that slavery is the re-  
sult of inequality and that inequality is  
the result of a wrong education, and that  
a wrong education is the result of an un-  
developed state of mind, and that an un-  
developed state of mind is the result of  
the gradual perfection of humanity, which  
consists in the supremacy of the spiritual  
nature. This voice is reverenced by un-  
folded spirits, for they see that it is the  
voice of Truth and has its echo in the bosom  
of Nature. Slavery is the ultimate re-  
sult of the predominance of the lower  
over the higher faculties; it is the super-  
macy of matter over spirit. The first  
origin of slavery lies in this wrong con-  
dition. It begins not with nations or races,  
but with individuals. Every man is a  
slave whose spirit is dwarfed and blinded  
by the power of the earthly passions.—  
No man can be free whose soul—which  
is his divinity self—is crushed beneath  
the weight of materiality. Therefore,  
both slavery and freedom have their ori-  
gin in the individual man, and begin in  
the springs of inward life. They are  
the result of circumstances and condi-  
tions, but are themselves a manifestation  
of the real state and nature of the soul.

When the spiritual elements have become  
over-powered by the predominance of the  
animal powers, then the man, which is  
philosophically speaking, the spirit, is  
made a slave to those powers; and in this  
condition of the individual, there is  
naturally generated a more general and  
diffusive manifestation of the spiritual  
wrong, as seen in the authority of ty-  
rants and the aristocracy of nations.—  
On the other hand, when the spiritual  
elements have become concentrated and  
refined—when they have become con-  
centrated above the gross and material elements  
of the body, and are brought together  
in a beautiful and powerful organization,  
the individual is made free, because the  
spirit, which is really himself, has at-  
tained its supremacy over all the faculties  
of the earthly nature, and acts by virtue  
of its own exalted and godlike powers.  
And when this internal freedom is ex-  
perienced in the individual, and the author-  
ity of the soul is made manifest in the  
workings of thought and feeling, then  
this freedom is conveyed to the hearts of  
the mass, inspiring the thoughts of na-  
tions with its presence, and lifting the  
depressed to the enjoyment of their na-  
tive rights.

Freedom it should be understood, is  
not a circumstance, but an established  
condition of the soul. It is not an event  
which is dependent on the success of war-  
like effort in opposition to tyranny, but it  
is a state of the individual mind—it is a  
liberty of and speech, thought and  
thought and action, which is founded on  
the inherent rights of the enlightened  
soul. The external circumstances of any  
people do not secure real freedom. These  
circumstances may involve the deliverance  
from the power of the tyrant—they may  
furnish the unrestricted privilege to speak  
and act—they may impart a joyous appre-  
ciation of the value of life, and may give  
a stimulus to all the noble energies of  
man, but in themselves they are not  
freedom—they are simply the favorable  
conditions on which a mere outward lib-  
erty is dependent. Freedom has relation  
to the elevation and sublimation of the  
soul beyond the thralldom of lust and  
sense. It secures the highest privileges  
and exercises the noblest powers of the  
spirit from the bondage of corruption—  
it is the progress of the mind towards  
the heights of eternal wisdom—it is the  
living joy of the soul which knows no  
longer by earthly fetters. Do the peo-  
ple talk of freedom when the great soul  
of a nation is steeped in the corruptions  
of earth? That man and that people  
are only free whose spirit—by which is  
signified the inward and immortal being  
—is delivered from the bondage of the  
sensual powers, into glorious liberty of  
the godlike life.

It is seen with pleasure by the inhabi-  
tants of the spiritual world, that the true  
philosophy of freedom is becoming more  
generally understood on the earth.—  
While the prospered nation sits beneath  
the floating banner of peace, extending  
its giant arms to welcome its kindred  
across the sea, there is a sense of indi-  
vidual responsibility which is creeping  
upon the souls of the millions, and an  
inward aspiration for increasing light and  
peace. Therefore is freedom becoming  
infused into the hearts of the people—  
its approaching joys are thrilling through  
the recesses of the soul, and an echo of  
responding gladness is heard amid the  
busy marts of life. The animating spirit  
of man is becoming elevated and refined;  
it is being lifted up beyond the enthrall-  
ing lusts of the animal nature—and when

the process of interior expansion has been  
carried on to the complete unfolding of  
the soul—when the immortal powers of  
man shall have gained their perfect tri-  
umph over the gross faculties of sense,  
then shall Freedom, with a voice of hea-  
venly gladness, rise from the forsaken  
altars of earth to greet her glorified chil-  
dren in the skies.—[Spirit Messenger.]

## A Spirit Mother to her Earthly Child

On Sunday, Aug. 15, 1852, the fol-  
lowing communication was given through  
Miss Rhoda Fuller, a writing medium,  
at her mother's residence in Kelloggsville,  
N. Y., in presence of Vincent Kenyon,  
who recorded it, and Henry Kellogg. On  
my asking if my mother would commu-  
nicate with me, the medium began to be  
exercised, and after about five minutes  
wrote that she would. I asked if my  
mother would write her name, and she,  
or what purported to be her spirit, answer-  
ed:

"I have not been attracted to the sub-  
ject of my name, but doubt not, my be-  
loved child, that I am in your immediate  
presence.  
"Early were you deprived of my ma-  
ternal guardianship; yet now I can with  
pleasure assure you that my watchfulness  
has ever been upon you, and my spiritual  
powers have been exerted in your behalf.  
Fancy not it was the design of your  
Heavenly Father thus early to remove me  
from your physical presence, for violated  
laws and physical transgressions caused  
my transition. Still the Father's good-  
ness more fully manifested itself in per-  
mitting me to exercise my spiritual in-  
fluence upon you in a degree exceeding  
my ability thus to do, had I continued an  
inhabitant of the mortal tenement. Now  
I can present to your view an increased  
benefit resulting to you from our appar-  
ent separation. I have been enabled to  
observe your physical and mental de-  
velopment, and also to foresee with pleas-  
ure the happy period when you will be  
released from mortal incumbrances, and  
that a mother can then embrace you in a  
manner adapted to your spiritual wants,  
conducting you through continued scenes  
of glory and advancement.

"Revert not with sorrow to early sun-  
dered ties, but anticipate with pleasure a  
reunited family. Your paternal guide,  
when permitted to rejoin me, for the mo-  
ment, possessed long interests, or de-  
sires in behalf of his child's temporal  
wants, as you had then not arrived at a  
period rendering you wholly independent  
of earthly guardianship. Yet I was soon  
enabled to portray the future reunion, in  
a manner so transparent to his view that  
he was led to exclaim: 'Father, how won-  
derful are thy ways!' As the mind may  
naturally inquire in what manner the  
Spiritual circle can be rendered complete,  
and what means are necessary to accom-  
plish this end, the following facts may be  
referred to:—The Spiritual Circle, as  
now constituted, is composed of spirits  
from all ages, and of all nations, and  
of all conditions of life. It is a circle  
of love, and of peace, and of joy, and of  
glory. It is a circle of truth, and of  
wisdom, and of power. It is a circle of  
light, and of life, and of love. It is a  
circle of all that is good, and of all that  
is beautiful, and of all that is noble. It  
is a circle of all that is true, and of all  
that is just, and of all that is pure. It  
is a circle of all that is holy, and of all  
that is blessed, and of all that is glorious.  
It is a circle of all that is divine, and of  
all that is eternal, and of all that is  
unchangeable. It is a circle of all that  
is perfect, and of all that is complete, and  
of all that is full. It is a circle of all  
that is God, and of all that is man, and  
of all that is creature. It is a circle of  
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and of all that is bone. It is a circle of  
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